THE SAPPHIRE 1918

THE SAPPHIRE
1915

Blanche C. King
Tassajara
Hendersonville, N. C.

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THE SAPPHIRE

FOREWORD

The Sapphire makes its second appearance before you, its friends and well wishers,—pray take it for what it is—not the finished work of skillful hands but the result of the aspirations and endeavors of those who are students at Fassifern.

-JHC-

South View of Fassifern.

TO OUR MOTHER

FASSIFERN

E COME, O! Vestal Mother, Fassifern,
In pliant youth, unformed and plastic, weak;
And, crying sanctuary from the reek
Of hate and greed and ruthless lusts that burn
To deadened ash the souls of men, we turn
To thee, our Alma Mater, humble, meek,
And knowledge, of thy virgin wisdom, seek
In thy still, cloistered, tranquil calm to learn.

As tendriled plants in frailty cling to strength
And by sustaining succor grow at length
To full and flowered fruitfulness, so we
In supplication seek thy nurturing care
That ours, in right of worth and joyfully,
May be the full of life that dawns so fair.

[*An Interested Observer.*]
A. C.

MRS. ANNA C. McBEE

To
Mrs. Anna C. McBee
Associate principal of Fassifern
this,
the second volume of "*The Sapphire*"
is dedicated
by
the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eighteen
in appreciation of her unceasing
interest in their welfare.

GRADUATE STUDENTS

JOSEPHINE BIRD

Marion, N. C.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

NELL CARSON

Hendersonville, N. C.

"A still, small voice."

MARGARET DOTY

Montpelier, Vt.

"She hath a smile for every soul she meets."

SUE HARDIN

Wilmington, N. C.

"A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer's day."

BLANCHE KING

Albemarle, N. C.

"Demure and quiet's she, and yet methinks
there's something more beneath."

ELLA LINDSAY

Glendale, S. C.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

EMILY MACRAE

Asheville, N. C.

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

LUCILLE MORRIS
Hendersonville, N. C.

"Yea, she did fly on the wings of the wind."

CHARLINE STAMEY
Fallston, N. C.

"Man delights not me."

JEAN ROBERTSON
Bronxville, N. Y.
"Still achieving, still pursuing

TO
THE FLOWER OF OUR "18"

HUMBLE little blossom,
With thy heart of gold,
And ruff of waxen petals,
Toward the sun unfold.
Upward held on slender stem,
Of fresh, untarnished green,
You, the daisy, are the flower
Of our "18".

You are our own blossom,
You, our symbol bright,
Typifying to our hearts
Both purity and light.
Others love the roses,
Or flow'rets of brighter sheen,
But we hold dear the daisy, the flower
Of our "18".

—J. R., '18

SENIOR CLASS

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Josephine Bird
Nell Carson
Margaret Doty
Sue Hardin
Blanche King
Mary Clinkscales
Ella Lindsay
Emily MacRae
Lucille Morris
Charline Stamey
Jean Robertson

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Louise Allen
Madge Allen
Leonora Blount
Carrie Burnett
Jessie Cary
Elizabeth Coleman
Elizabeth Carrigan
Eleanor Daniels
Alexine Davenport
Lucy Dermid
Mary Hyatt
Elouise Horner
Margaret Huske
Rhetta Heath
Erskine Jarnagin
Claudia Kelly
Mary Knight
Jane Knight
Eleanor Kinzie
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Jane MacMillan
May Latta Moore
Clara McIver
Ruth Pulliam
Frances Parker
Dorothy Reeves
Virginia Ryder
Ida Ravenel
Betty Skelding
Marjorie Sumrell
Alma Seagle
Lola Taylor
Ethelyn Temple
Sarah Ward
Hallie Williams
Emma Williamson
Caroline Yancey

SOPHOMORE CLASS

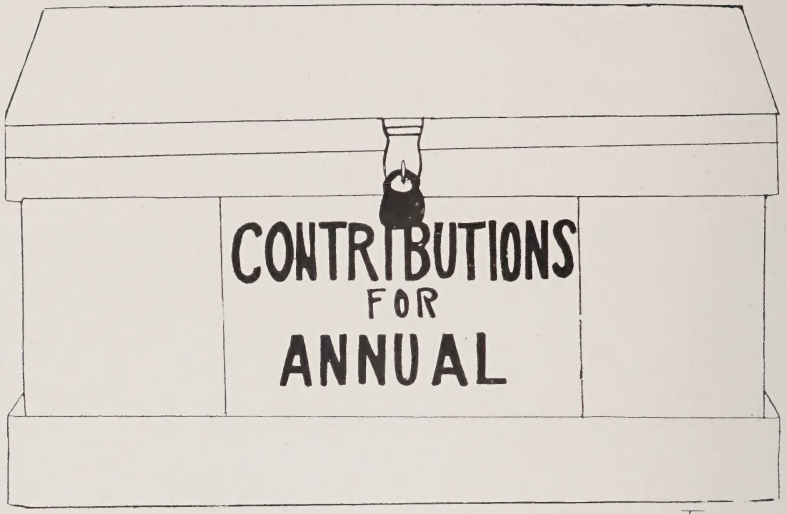
SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Ena Carrigan
Maud Dunn
Edith Hoffman
Helen Howes
Virginia Hodges
Mary Johnston
Marion Knight
Katherine Shuford
Sadie Tanner
Lucy Tanner
Columbia Turner
Deane Van Landingham

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Marjorie Carson
Nannie Cawthorne
Josephine Dixon
Elizabeth Flint
Pauline Hall
Margaret Hatch
Mary Latrobe
Mildred Lindsey
Erma Morris
Rose Morton
Mary Peace
Margaret Robertson
Helen Wilmerding
Gertrude Wadsworth
Margaret Wadsworth
Sarah Wilmerding
Mary Alice Willson
Dorothy Wright



THE SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

THIS western part of North Carolina is well known as the "Sapphire Country." The name comes from the fact that a blue haze overhangs the mountains, blue flowers dot the fields and nowhere else are the skies as blue. The origin of this blue color is not known, but the old people tell a strange and fanciful tale of the making of it.

Long, long years ago, this part of the country was noted for the beautiful stones called sapphires, which were found here in countless numbers. Men came from near and far to search for them, and in the lust for the wealth the stones would bring, they quarreled and fought among themselves. So the once peaceful country was now a scene of daily bloodshed.

The Gnomes, the Field Fairies and the Cloud Dwellers were troubled and angered by this ruthless invasion. Their peace was broken and their lives were no longer bearable, for their mountains crumbled under the blows of pickaxe and crowbar, their fields were trampled down and the Cloud Dwellers, looking down and seeing the sorrow of their kinsmen, refused to allow the sun to shine, but instead wet the earth with their tears.

Enraged and terrified as well, all fled to the "All Father." He gave them this counsel, that they divide the stones between them and make of them something useful and beautiful.

One of the Gnomes said, "Brother, see yon cliffs so bleak and bare. Let us take our share and make of them a veil to hide those peaks." And it was done. The Field Fairies changed theirs into little blue flowers with which to dot their fields. The Cloud Dwellers carried theirs to the skies to beautify the heavens, and there they may be seen deeply glowing to this day. So the curse was removed, for upon finding no more gems, the despoilers departed and left the land in peace.

—J. M. K., '19.

morning

Changed is the Eastern sky
From sable night
To silver light.
Legions of darkness fly
From near-approaching day.
The earth grows fair,
And everywhere
The monarch sun holds sway.
The closed acanthus buds unfold
With dew-drops in their hearts of gold.

Soft rustlings move the trees,
They gently sway,
And murmur to the breeze,
"Behold the day!"

—E. T. L., '18.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

T WAS twilight. The first star of the autumn evening faintly twinkled in the east and the last rosy rays of the setting sun bathed heath and hill with mellow light.

A narrow road, fern bordered and leaf-spread, wound around old Ben Craggin and disappeared into the blue distance along the shore of tiny Loch Colen. It was thick with dust and the hoofs of the flock of sheep, now passing along under the guidance of a dusty shepherd, stirred up little puffs.

The flock numbered possibly one hundred and fifty head of plump sheep whose thick gray wool was soiled with grime and snarled with burrs. The tinkling of the bells around the necks of the leaders alone disturbed the tranquility of the dawning night. With heads bent low the large flock plodded on, the tiny lambs running close beside their mothers.

A youthful shepherd tramped behind them and with his stout staff urged them on. One stalwart arm, held close to his broad chest, protected a bleating lamb of scarce a dozen hours. Beside him romped a great Scotch collie with white ruffed neck and bushy tail. From time to time she routed a laggard sheep from the bushes and encircled the flock. Then with staccato barks she would race to her master, ever anxious for his praise. This, Angus, the shepherd, was ever quick to bestow, for Lassie, his beautiful dog, was his only comrade during the long watches beside the sheep in the wilderness and he loved her better than his life.

And now the flock was drawing near the lane which led to its fold and the tiny stone hut of its shepherd. Obelient to Lassie's urgence, it turned up the lane and surged gladly forward toward home. Through the leaves the sheep scuffled and very quickly the fold was in sight. Lassie left them there, cropping what little nourishment they could find, and hurried back to her master, who was unusually tardy. Generally he was early on hand to unlatch the fold and let in the tired sheep. Just where the vagrant lane turned into the road, she found him standing before a flaming sign nailed to a high post, oblivious to everything else. The ashen staff had fallen to the ground. The covering which had been over the little lamb lay fallen beside it and the little woolly creature, neglected, lay shivering in Angus' arms, whose honest eyes of heather blue were far away, whither the flaming poster had drawn them. This picture looked very simple to the wondering soft brown eyes of the dog, for it was only a vivid print of a noble woman wrapped in the flags of Britain, with drawn sword held high, under which, in glaring letters, were the words—Enlist—For King and Country.—and what could that mean to the mind of this dumb canine brute?

Eagerly Lassie fawned upon her master, carressing with prickly pink tongue his roughened hand and sticking an inquisitive velvet nose into his pocket. Gradually the quiet of her master infused such awe into her restless spirit that she crouched whimpering at his feet. All unmindful of her, Angus stood. He was turning over in his mind the tales of Hunnish cruelty, told him by a Scotch trooper in the spring. With a long, shuddering breath he slowly and involuntarily uplifted his right hand as though taking an oath, then fell on his bare knee to the ground before the poster and muttered something to himself. In a moment he sprang up and put his hand to his side, seeming to recoil in spirit when he found nothing there. Was it a sword he sought? Perhaps—for already in his mind a resolution was forming.

A few minutes later, wrapped in thought, he went up the lane. Lassie paced quietly beside him, impelled by something within her. Mechanically Angus went through his chores, then again holding the tiny lamb in his bosom, he turned into his hut. With calm hands he laid and lit a fire of charcoal in the old grate, then, brooding, sat with bowed head beside it. While his thoughts were far away, he instinctively fed and warmed his little charge and laid it to rest. Lassie lay with her head on his knees and her sensitive ears held back while he stroked her head and whispered crooningly to her:

"Little Lassie, my little Lassie, I am going away," he murmured. "Far away to France. Poor, poor Lassie, you will miss me, but I must do my duty for King and Country. I must leave the sheep to you and some new shepherd, whom perhaps you will not love. But remember, Lassie, it is for King and Country, your king and mine, Lassie, and our bonny, bonny land."

So he murmured far into the star-lit night.

PART II.

It had been a gray day, and night still held the grayness. One star sparkled in the east amidst threatening clouds which bade fair to drown its brightness, but many light, not natural, pierced the darkness over the first line trenches and many sounds broke the stillness. Shells flashed overhead and exploded. Cannon firing had ceased but intermittently machine guns spoke and a few bullets plopped over the heaped-up sandbags.

In the back of this trench which the 8th Scottish Guard had been holding for two days and nights a group of slightly wounded men lay groaning. Two or three of this division of the kilted "Ladies of Hell" were discussing in low tones the news of the day; several were on guard on the firestep; the rest were dozing as best they could in the mud and slime. All were awaiting orders to go over the top.

Down the trench which zig-zagged between the first and second lines three officers were coming, stooping low to avoid the bullets of an impertinent sniper who

had spotted this communication trench. They passed the sentry, giving the countersign, "For King and Country," as they entered the trench. The captain in command gave his report in low tones, then, at the request of his superior officer, summoned his men together.

"Men," said he, "Colonel L——— has come for volunteers for an important task. It is a task from which the one who goes may never return. But it is a necessary one. The Boches have brought up a great array of munitions here (he pointed to a small map) and are preparing to storm this trench under a gas attack, for which the wind is just right. We can stop them until the wind veers by destroying the munitions. Who volunteers?"

Instantly every hand shot up.

"You see, Col L———, how they respond," said the captain.

They whispered for a few minutes together until they seemed to agree on a plan.

Then Colonel L——— stepped forward and said, "I thank you, men, for your gallant response. Your king and country are proud of you. I leave it to the captain to select the one who shall fulfill the task and trust utterly to his discretion."

"The honor is a great one," replied the captain. "If anyone can do this duty a man of our regiment can. Good-bye till tomorrow, Colonel L———. You said, did you not, that we would be relieved at four. Very well," and he dismissed the men.

At midnight two men were standing on the firestep. One towered head and shoulders above the other. Angus, for it was he who stood highest, was wrapped in thought. How he wished for this great honor which had been offered to only one of the forty eager men! His eyes searched the darkness, alert for enemies, but his mind's eyes pierced even farther into the darkness of doubt. A shell screamed overhead and its explosion quickly followed. Totally unmindful he stood there, a sad figure yet brave, grasping with the fingers of fancy, things which had been and lingering over those which yet might be.

As he stood there he felt a slight tap on his arm. Quickly he turned and simultaneously his right hand shot into the salute, for it was the captain.

"Come down," whispered the captain, "I have chosen you to blow up the enemy's munitions. You will climb over the trench at angle 8 on this map, go north till you see their lines, locate this section of their trench on the map and then hurl this over. Get out of the way as quickly as you can. God's luck go with you!"

He handed Angus a black object. They shook hands and the captain, himself just out from Blighty, choked and turned away abruptly.

Fifteen minutes later Angus, on hands and knees, was crawling across No Man's Land, now crawling, now lying as still as the huddled forms of the dead, when the

boring searchlights drew near him. At last, when it seemed as though he had been crawling for hours, he saw the solitary figure of a Boche sentinel outlined clearly against the sky. Steadily he crep on, when suddenly, unexpectedly, one of the lights spotted him. He lay still. It passed. He crept on. Again it caught his moving body. He saw it was hopeless and, throwing all caution to the winds, he jumped up and ran forward, grappled with the startled guard, who merely had time to wound him slightly in the wrist with his bayonet, and, breathless, hurled his precious bomb. Many Boches now sprang up, and in their fierce attack he was wounded many times. Maddened, he checked them all for a few seconds' respite, then rushed once more into No Man's Land. He heard a great explosion behind him, and knew that his work was done, just as he tripped and fell down, down, down into the yawning gulf which a great shell had plowed up.

He had lain there for nearly three hours, when, just at dawn, consciousness slowly returned and with it confusion of thought. He thought he was once more in Scotland and tried to call Lassie. Exhausted because she would not come, he had nearly lapsed into unconsciousness, when he felt something warm and vital. Feebly he raised one wounded arm and felt a shaggy body, while a familiar nose was poked into his torn coat. He reached again to touch the comforting form, but it was gone. Only a dream, he bitterly thought, and sank back with closed eyes. A tear slipped between his lids and glittered on the bloody cheek. Never again, he thought, would he see Bonnie Scotland or follow his sheep thru the heather.

Deep in the crater all seemed still, till far away he heard low voices and the eager bark of a dog. Was the apparition returning to make him happy and tantalize him again? If so, he were better dead, unless it were something more tangible than the former dream. He opened his weary eyes, then feebly strove to sit up, for there, coming carefully down the side of the deep pocket of earth, were two men wearing the khaki of ambulance drivers, bearing a stretcher. And running before them was a white ruffed, bushy tailed collie, around whose shaggy body the emblem of the Red Cross was fastened. With all the strength he could muster, he pulled himself forward, met the bounding dog, and wrapped his tired arms around the warm body. The great tail wagged briskly, the pink tongue zealously licked the bloody hand, and the great heart of the dog thumped vigorously, telling that she, too, was working for king and country.

Slowly they carried him to safety in one of the base hospitals. Here he lay still, with one hand resting on the collie's neck, a smile of joy on his white lips, and dreamy eyes of heather blue half closed.

—J. R., '18

THAT MUSICAL CHAIR

LD Mr. Smith loved music and was especially fond of "The Campbells Are Coming." So he had made, for the purpose of his own pleasure and whomever else it might please, a chair with a green plush seat, and concealed under the seat was a music box. The music box played only one piece, "The Campbells Are Coming."

The chair was placed in the parlor, much to the sorrow of Mary, Mr. Smith's daughter. This chair became the bane of her existence. Whenever any company came she always dreaded to ask them into the parlor, for fear they would sit in the Musical Chair, as she called it.

The climax was finally reached when one of Mr. Smith's relatives died. The funeral was to be held at his house. In the rush and excitement, Mary forgot to remove the chair from the parlor. In the midst of the service some wearied person sat in the musical chair, and great was his surprise when from the chair came the strains of "The Campbells Are Coming," and resounded throughout the whole room.

People became convulsed and tried their best not to show any disrespect on such a solemn occasion.

Poor Mr. Smith did not know what to do, as there was no way of stopping the music, so, in desperation, he took the chair out of the room.

The next day the chair was not to be found. What became of the chair no one knew—except Mr. Smith.

—S. L. H., '18.

SONG OF THE WIND

IS the voice of the wind as onward he sweeps,
Singing a song divine;
Straight he comes from o'er the deeps
From the lashing waves of brine.

A song he sings that is bold and free,
A call to the hearts of men;
A song of the broad, the deep blue sea,
And it echoes o'er mountain and glen.

"O, come to the sea, the glorious sea,
Where the wild waves leap and moan.
Come follow me, follow me, come and be free!"
A whistling, a whispering—'tis gone!

—J. K., '19

IN APRIL

IT WAS a warm spring afternoon in late April, and the fragrance of opening buds, the singing of birds and the delightful sunshine all invited us out for a a walk in the woods.

The town was small and we soon found ourselves on the outskirts, entering the open fields and meadows.

Taking a small path which we saw led to the woods, we were soon among the trees and bushes. On entering them, we moderated our steps and walked slowly on until we reached a small stream of clear water.

This was overgrown with small bushes and birch trees, festooned together across the water by long, graceful loops of fox grapes and other wild vines. So very dense was this growth that only a few rays of sunlight filtered thru and fell shimmering on the water.

On the bank, lifting their heads from a soft bed of moss and leaves, we found a great bed of large purple violets. We picked our hands full, and, after wetting the stems, resumed our walk.

Following the course of the stream, we came into the open again. Not far ahead of us was a small cottage with the front yard neatly laid off in squares and circles.

An old lady answered our knock at the front door, and when we asked for water she led us through a shady hall to the back piazza.

She insisted on bringing water to us from the vine-covered well, but we would not consent, so accompanied her to the well. The water was very cold and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

The well was under a large apple tree which was in full bloom. It was beautiful and reminded me of the enormous pop-corn balls of pink and white we loved so when we were little tots.

After resting a few minutes, we bade the old lady good-bye and promised to visit her again. We reached home just in time for a good, hot supper.

—K. S., '20

———o———

FIRST VIOLETS

FROM 'neath the brown and rustling leaves
Of autumn's past gold showers,
We venture forth on cold March days,
Timid but hardy flowers.

We do not own the flaming grace
Which marks the daffodils,
We cannot flaunt our brilliancy
To paint the purple hills.

But every little thing, 'tis said,
Has its own virtue true,
And every lover of the spring
Loves spring's sweet violets blue. —*E. T. L., '18*

A SPRING DAY AT OLD TABARD INN

HE wide porticoes of old Tabard Inn in Southwark had been flooded all day long by a swarm of guests. They were a motley horde. From earliest noon they clattered in over the cobbled courts of the inn, and having dismounted from their steeds, which varied from seedy hackneys to sleek, well-groomed palfreys, had turned them over to the waiting hostlers, and poured into the low-ceiled hall with its dingy smoke-stained beams of weathered oak. A roaring fire of stout logs blazed in the chimney place. From time to time the crackling logs turned over under the impulse of the gnawing flame and sent eddies of sparks upward.

Gloom was thick in the wainscotted room, and was pierced only by the firelight, for the tiny diamond-paned windows were draped with hangings of stained tapestry which totally obscured the London sunlight.

Stretched across one end of this narrow main hall was a long board spread with many a delicious entree of roast or steaming capon, and also with more delicate viands of pastry or boiled swallows' tongue, guaranteed to suit the most epicurean of appetites.

The restless guests surged to and fro around the room, or stood in clusters to warm themselves before the blaze. Many rested on the wide window seats. The host, a jolly pattern of all manly virtues, with his buxom spouse, made welcome every guest. Each and every one was welcome on that April eve at Tabard Inn, close by the Bell. Let us leave them then as each draws up a bench to the long board, quaffs a toast to the king and to the valiant host, then hastily pounces on the inviting meal.

—J. R., '18.

WHEN HARMONY "AIN'T"

OMETIMES harmony is, and sometimes harmony "ain't." In Aunt Ca'line's case it "ain't."

Dressed up in her new "Sunday-go-to-meetin' " clothes, she struts off to church as proud as a peacock.

Her hat is red, with a bunch of cherries hung gracefully on one side, and a huge red bow waving on the other. Her waist is pink, and her skirt is decorated with huge black and white stripes, while green hose and white shoes add a decided note to her outfit. The—no not faint, in fact quite the opposite—odor of "white rose" perfume harmonizes wonderfully with her appearance. Whether she uses one bottle of perfume only twice through accident or purposely, no one save Aunt Ca'line knows.

As she struts past on her way to "pray to de Lord fer ter save ma soul, honey," you can't help smiling, but you wouldn't for the world dare to crush her proud dignity by saying: "Aunt Ca'line, in your case harmony sho' ain't!"

—M. K., '19.

———o———

IF AND BUT

If I were a bird, I would sing a song
But I am a child, so I play all day long.
If I were a cat, I would softly purr,
But I have a doll, so I sew for her.
If I were a sheep, I would bleat and bleat,
But I am a child, so I have to keep neat.
If I were a cow, I would chew my cud,
But I am a child, so I make cakes of mud.
If I were these things, I would be very sad,
But I am a child, so I'm very glad.

—H. W. W. (Aged 11 years)

SUNSET AND STORM

HE SUN was sinking and the river was transformed. No longer was it the pale, limpid stream of a few hours past, for the sun's rays, falling upon it, turned it to red and gold. It was not a flaming crimson, but a deeper, duskier hue, like that of blood, and through it shot sparks and streaks of gold. In the east, black storm clouds began to gather and to move toward the west. As they advanced toward the sun, the water changed slowly; toward the east and near the banks of the river, it became dull purple and green. A wind swept over the river, moaning as it came, and driven before it was an old deserted skiff. On it moved, straight toward the sun, whose last rays fell upon it. For a moment it scarcely seemed to move, and then, seized by some freak of wind and water, darted forward and passed from view. Flashes of lightning, followed by peals of thunder, came from the clouds now fast covering all the sky. The river lost its glory and became dark and threatening. The wind died and the only sound heard was the cry of a lonely marsh bird winging its way home. Then, as the darkness deepened, there came a flash of lightning, a peal of thunder, and the storm burst in fury, driving all to shelter.

—J. K., '19.

———o———

EVENING

Far in the west, the sun, behind the hills,
Sends golden rays through all the heavens blue;
But soon night comes, changing this brilliancy
With heavy shadows of a purple hue.
'Tis then the birds begin their caroling,
The stars come out along the Milky Way;
And Nature, weary of her daily tasks,
Rests till the dawn begins another day.

—J. B., '18

ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL TEAMS

JAY-BIRD TEAM
Leonora Blount.
Sue Hardin
Alma Seagle
Lucy Tanner
Mary Willcox
Caroline Yancey
Substitutes
Rhetta Heath
Hallie Williams

RED-BIRD TEAM
Eleanor Daniels
Maud Dunn
Lois Frye
Margaret Robertson
Deane Van Landingham
Emma Williamson
Substitutes
Jessie Cary
Marjorie Sumrell

RIDING CLUB

Eleanor Daniels
Josephine Dixon
Claudia Kelly
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Rose Morton

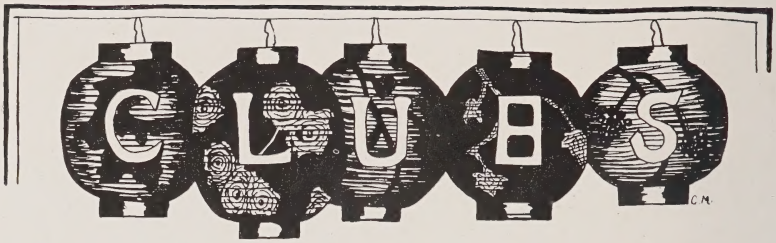
Mary Peace
Jean Robertson
Margaret Robertson
Charline Stamey
Mary Willcox

TENNIS CLUB

Leonora Blount
Jessie Cary
Sue Hardin
Margaret Huske
Edith Hoffman
Claudia Kelly
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Mildred Lindsey
Katherine Maule

Jane MacMillan
Jean Robertson
Margaret Robertson
Kathryn Shuford
Betty Skelding
Lola Taylor
Columbia Turner
Deane Van Landingham
Emma Williamson

Caroline Yancey



COTILLION CLUB

Josephine Bird
Leonora Blount
Carrie Burnett
Elizabeth Coleman
Jessie Cary
Eleanor Daniels
Sue Hardin
Margaret Huske
Rhetta Heath
Elouise Horner
Erskine Jarnagin
Claudia Kelly
Blanche King
Mary Knight
Marion Knight
Jane Knight
Mary L. Lasater
Emily MacRae
Jane MacMillan
May Latta Moore
Ruth Pulliam
Sallie Lou Packard
Jean Robertson
Margaret Robertson
Virginia Ryder
Betty Skelding
Lola Taylor
Ethelyn Temple
Deane Van Landingham
Emma Williamson
Mary Willcox
Caroline Yancey

Fassifern has this year six concerts on its calendar and five of these have already been given

Of these the recital of Mrs. Phyllida Ashley Everingham, pianist and pupil of Sigismund Stajowski, headed the list. This gifted musician greatly interested all who heard her when she played at Fassifern on January sixteenth.

The opportunity of hearing Mrs. Everingham was followed by Sir Edward Baxter Perry's lecture-recital, less than a week later. Sir Edward has been called the "Poet of the Piano," and all those who have heard him previously at Fassifern, or who heard his wonderful concert on January twenty-second, readily grasp the full meaning of the phrase. Like a bard of old in his ability to sway the minds of his hearers by his inspired touch, he weaves through the magic of word and tone pictures, a spell that not only charms his hearers, but conveys to them the varied and ever-changing thought of the harmonies his fingers are playing.

Frances Nash, "the greatest of the younger women pianists of the day," played at Fassifern January twenty-ninth. An able critic has said of her: "The spell of Miss Nash's playing is not left in the concert-hall, but remains for days a delightful, potent, uplifting memory."

Mr. George Emes pleased all his audience by the beauty and range of his baritone voice when he sang at Fassifern on February eighteenth. Mr. Emes is not an artist, but his voice has an exceptionally fine tone quality and his program was decidedly enjoyable.

Miss Gertrude Potwin, violinist, gave a beautiful concert February twenty-third. Miss Potwin is distinctly an artist, and all appreciated the opportunity of hearing her.

We are now looking forward to the concert of Miss Claire Kellogg, soprano.

Certificates in music will be received this year by Ella Lindsay, Mary Brooks, and Josephine Bird, and a medal will be awarded to the student who has shown the greatest improvement during the year.

A cantata, "Pan on a Summer Day," will be given by the Fassifern chorus under the direction of Miss Pixley later in the spring.

—J. B., '18.
—J. R., '18.

PIANO RECITAL

BY

JOSEPHINE McDOWELL BIRD

PROGRAM

BEETHOVEN	*Sonate opus 10, No. 2* *Allegro* *Allegretto* *Presto*
MACDOWELL	*Barcarolle, opus 18, No. 1* *In Lilting Rhythm*
TEMPLETON STRONG	*"Morning," from Four Poems*
FLORENT SCHMITT	*Solitude*
JOSEFFY	*Czardas*
RUBINSTEIN	*Concerto, d minor* *Moderato Assai*

Orchestral parts on second piano

PIANO RECITAL

BY

ELLA TEW LINDSAY

PROGRAM

J. S. Bach	*Fifth French Suite* *Gavotte* *Bourree* *Loure* *Gigue*
Beethoven	*Sonate opus 26* *Theme with variations* *Scherzo*
Schubert	*Moments Musicaux* *Op. 94 Nos. 1 and 2*
Rubinstein	*Barcarolle a minor*
Meyer-Olbersleben	*Vivace from op. 42*
Weber	*Concertstueck* *Piu Mosso* *Presto*

Orchestral parts on second piano

PIANO RECITAL

BY

MARY FLEMING BROOKS

PROGRAM

Beethoven	*Sonate opus 2 No. 1* *Allegro* *Adagio* *Menuetto* *Presto*
D'Albert	*Suite in D* *Allemand* *Gavotte*
Dvorak	*On the Holy Mount*
Chopin	*Waltz opus 34 No. 1*
Reinhold	*Impromptu in e flat minor*

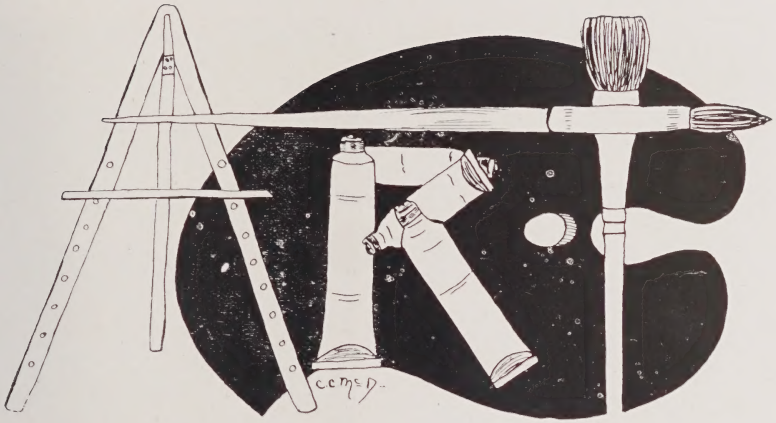
FASSIFERN JUNIOR RED CROSS AUXILIARY

Red Cross work has by no means been neglected at Fassifern. Soon after organizing our auxiliary in the fall, we were informed that ours was the first branch of this nature in North Carolina and the second in the Southern Division.

Our division holds a general meeting once each month. There are four groups, whose leaders apportion the knitting to the members and plan entertainments by which to increase our funds and buy the materials necessary. Since the holidays we have met once a week to knit and to sew on dresses for the refugees.

In short, we have an ideal, one which every loyal American should cherish. It is just this—to do our utmost in the great work of humanizing the war, and Miss Sampson, acting head of our chapter, has never ceased to urge us onward by her own untiring zeal.

—J. R., '18.



The art course at Fassifern for 1917-18 has been made exceptionally attractive by the enthusiastic interest of the instructor and the response of the pupils. With impulses such as these, much has been accomplished in the three main branches of the course —composition, still life, and design —to each of which one day a week has been devoted.

One pupil, Cornelia McDowell, will receive a certificate in art this year. Miss McDowell will be the first at Fassifern to win this honor and will also be the recipient of a certificate in Domestic Science. The latter course has proven very popular during 1917-18. A small building has been set aside for the work and its hospitality has been often enjoyed at informal teas and luncheons by visitors and members of the faculty. The true importance of this course seems more and more to be realized by the students.

—J. R., '18.

Off for a Walk.

The Power Behind the Annual.

Over the Top.

Childhood Days Return.

Shopping.

Sallie Lou and "Bum"

Home Again.

Two Well-known Faces at Fassifern.

In the Court.

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ART
Cornelia McDowell

MUSIC
Josephine Bird

SNAP-SHOTS
Leonora Blount

HUMOR
Emily MacRae

Erskine: "My last year's teacher and her sister both died last month. They were poisoned by fish."
Emma: "Hm. I bet it was a stingaree."

Emily: "I'll know it when I take orders from a little two by four thing like you."
Ella: "That's all right, Miss MacRae, I'd rather be two by four than four by four."

Found in a Senior Latin paper: "Achilles was the son of Hector, who reigned over Mycenae."

Miss Kate: "Who was the first white child born in America?"
Caroline: Pocahontas."

Jane: "Mother made me gargle my nose every night during the holidays because I had such a bad cold that she was afraid I'd get a guitar."

Emma: "I love pistachios, but they're awfully expensive."
May Latta: "Yes, and they cost so much, too."

Miss Kate (in Bible): "Who gave you your name, Miss Ravenel?
Ida: "Why, my parents, I suppose."

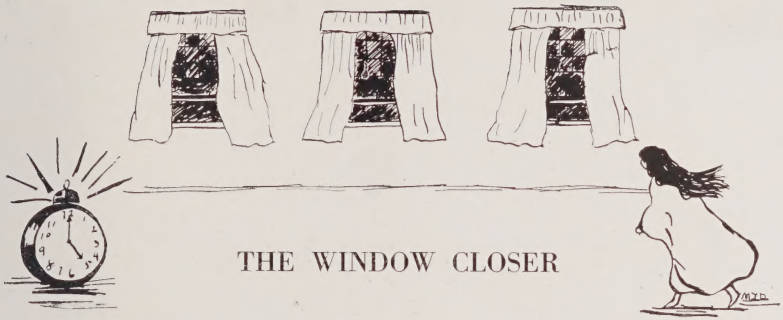
Deane (in roll call): "I have five disorders to report."
Miss Kate: "What ails you?"
Deane: "Miss Hersperger."

Marian Knight (in class meeting): "It was my floor, Madame President, but somebody stepped on it."

Leonora: "What does the B. L. after your name stand for, Mr. DeColigny?"
Mr. DeColigny: "For Bachelor of Leeterature, Mees Blount."
Edith (aside): "Why I thought sure he was married."

Elizabeth, in a conversation about diseases, remarked, "There was a very permanent fruit dealer at home once who died of orangeplexy."

Sallie Lou was playing a very slow Chopin Prelude when she was rudely interrupted by the remark from Pauline: "Sallie Lou, for goodness' sake play something you know."



THE WINDOW CLOSER

It was a bitter cold night, the coldest in January, 1918. The girls of Fassifern were nestled all snug in their beds. It was the hour just before dawn when the mercury, which had been hovering around zero all night, decided to drop below. One girl lay staring into the darkness, fearfully awaiting the tinkle of a little bell which summoned her from heavenly ease to the cheerless duty of closing the many windows which during the night had been opened for the life-giving ozone to blow its way over the fair girlish sleepers.

At last the bell! She sprang from her bed, muttering, "If it is done when it should be done, it will be best done quickly!" As she sped out into a darkened corridor an icy blast seemed to pierce her armor. Her heavy quilted bath robe was as thin as tissue. Hastily closing the offending window, she opened the first door. Snores, not loud, but deep, greeted her ear. Gingerly picking her way, she attempted quietly to close the window. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley!" The evening before, the girls in that apartment had decided to re-arrange their furniture, which they did, to the great sorrow of the shivering window-closer! First her ankle collided with a rocking chair. With a smothered cry she seized the injured member, and stumbled along in the darkness. Instead of arriving at her goal, she plunged headlong into the bed of the sleepers, who were rudely awakened from their peaceful slumber. They, thinking thieves had entered intent on securing their treasured thrift stamps, rent the air with their shrieks. It was some time before the frightened occupants realized it was merely the window closer who had invaded their privacy.

After many similar vicissitudes and trials, she finally made her round, and again sought her downy couch. But in vain she wooed the goddess of sleep, who basely deserted her in her hour of need!

—L. M., '18.

"OVER THERE"

Betty get your bed, get your bed, get your bed,
Take it on ahead, on ahead, on ahead!
Hear Miss Sampson calling you,
Lola, Jack and Rhetta too,
Pack your little kit, show your grit, you have "It."
Make Margaret mad, you have had it so bad,
Tell your room-mate not to pine,
To be glad she's not in line.

Chorus:

Over there,
Over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there,
That Betty is coming,
The measles are coming,
The bumps are on her everywhere,
So prepare,
Give us air,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
She'll be over,
Jack's coming over
And they won't come back till it's over over there.

—L. W. B., '19

———o———

Miss Bevier: "We will have Current Events tomorrow, girls."
Mary: "Will I have to take that again this year? I studied it last year and I know all about it."

Mary: "Where do you sit in the dining room, Blanche?"
Blanche: "On the foot of Miss Hooper's table."

Rose: "Dorothy, what church do your mother and father belong to?"
Dorothy: "My mother's a Christian, but Dad's a preposition."

Sue: "I've looked all through Shakespeare's Sonnets twice to find the shortest one to learn, but they all look about the same length to me."

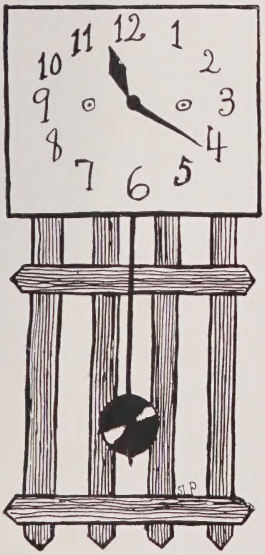
Helen: "Did you study the Consolation, Jean?"
Jean: "What Consolation?"
Helen: "Why Burke's Consolation for America."

E. Flint: "Just look at Peggy and Jean Robertson fussing over there. That's what I call paternal love."

THE RADIATOR BLANKET

The radiator blanket
Is a unique affair,
It's usually a wrapper
Grabbed from the chair.
It may be a sweater,
It may be a coat;
It may be a dress,
Or even a yoke.
It's just some little something
To cover the pipe,
And prevent the steam valve
From freezing at night!

S. L. H., '18



THE CLOCK ON THE WALL

Little clock upon the wall,
Can't you keep no time at all,
Can't you give us time to play,
Can't you help us any way,
Can't you do a thing at all,
Little clock upon the wall? —E. H., '19

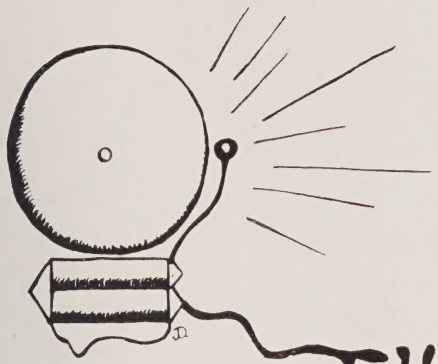
GROANS FROM THE COVERED WAY

Many people have tramped to and fro over my poor, creaking old boards. To and fro they go, now loitering, now hastening, ever in motion. I am shaken and worn—I have no rest! This begins at eight o'clock in the morning, and lasts until eleven at night. First they come rushing over to breakfast, some belated ones rushing by in a terrible hurry, but always with the same remarks: "I know we had only twenty-five minutes this morning" (tho' they know full well they had thirty)! "Does my hair look very bad?" "We weren't half ready!"

How I weary of them! Oh! for something new! And so from then on, teachers, girls, servants, coming trooping by. My very foundations quiver and tremble. This is my life! Such a life! And above it comes this continuous wail, "I want to go home!"

Not half so much as I want you to, little girl, not half!

—J. K., '19.



THE BELL

Hear the ringing of the bells,—Brazen bells!
What a tale of anguish their melody foretells!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
In the icy air of morn!
To make the peaceful sleepers
Open wide their little "peepers"
And with countenance forlorn
Rise slowly with the thought
Of what the day has brought—
Unfinished Latin—Spanish—
All these seem to come in yells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the welcome dinner bells,—Silver bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony fortells!
In the middle of the day
How they ring their joyous lay
From above the school-room door none too soon;
Telling us that school is o'er
But of study there is more in the later afternoon.
Oh, across the covered way
At this time on every day
Whether meatless,
Whether wheatless,
On we hasten. For who tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the dingling and the ringling
Of the bells, bells, bells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
To the ringling and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the music of the bells,—Golden bells!
What a world of peacefulness their melody foretells!
How they tinkle,tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!
Telling us that Mister Sandman
Will soon take us to that land
Where all slumber in delight!
Go to sleep, sleep, sleep,
Now's the time for slumber deep!
Is the cheerful, welcome message that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
To the ringling and the tingling of the bells.

—*J. B., '18*

A Freshman's Contribution to the Annual.

A SENIOR'S DEPARTURE TO FASSIFERN

I

Good-bye dear old "Fassy,"
You've been a sure enough friend,
So with tears in my eyes I will say good-bye
Never to meet again.

II

And when I am old and aged and gray
There comes a thought into my mind
Of those dear teachers I've left behind,
Miss Hersperger and Miss Bevier.
And also others less severe.

III

Then comes Miss Sampson, small but firm,
Who thinks that if you don't behave
That you should have some lines to learn,
And also sees that you eat much
Of potatoes, beans, and other such.

IV

And with all of this I hate to leave;
The tears are streaming down my sleeve.
So with tears in my eyes
I will say good-bye,
Never to meet again.

M. L.

———o———

IF COLUMN

If S. L. P. were a horse, would Virginia Ryder?
If Cameron Hall is a palace, is Blanche King?
If Marjorie owes a bill, will Maud Dunn?
If Miss Hooper cried, would Mrs. Annie Walker?
If Peggy is wrong, is Dorothy Wright?
If knitting bags are expensive, how much is Miss Adelaide's Worth?
If Sallie Lou is a Packard, where will Frances Parker?

MUMPS

Mary Peace's throat one day
Was feeling sore, so she did say,
So to the infirmary she scurried
And up to school the doctor hurried.
On her throat there were two bumps,
Doctor quickly called them mumps.

A lecture next day from Miss Kate;
Told one and all our fate;
Our shopping days we would be missing
If we were caught in act of kissing.
Disorders too, and long restriction,
Ended for us Miss Kate's prediction. —*E. A. D.*

—o—

WHITHER?

We see them start out every day
Upon the very selfsame way.
Down the front walk in a row,
And then across the road they go.
Now their forms are lost to view
In DeColigny Avenue.
Then they emerge into the street
All dressed in shopping garb so neat.
Across the road they never go,
Altho there's pavement there, they know
The mud is deep from rain and dews,
(But all have worn their overshoes).
Now to paved street they come at last,
The haunted house is safely past.
Along the fenced curve they go,
Where caterpillars crawl in row,
And now they reach the heart of town,
Keep arms unhooked, and voices down.
They eagerly increase their pace
Until it seems a walking race,
They hurry by department stores,
For those at present are but bores,
There's just one place they all go first
To order "talls" to quench their thirst.
Now who can tell what that may be?
It's Dr. Justus' Pharmacy! —*E. T. L., '18*

IDEAL FASSIFERN GIRL

Voice—Ella Lindsay.
Hands—Jessie Cary.
Feet—Mary Kemper.
Size—Lucille Morris.
Walk—Mary Hyatt.
Poise—Sallie Lou Packard.
Manners—Caroline Yancey.
Hair—Ethelyn Temple.
Eyes—Mary Lybrook Lasater.
Nose—Helen Howes.
Mouth—Marian Knight.
Dimples—Claudia Kelly.
Complexion—Clara McIver.
Smile—"Jay" Bird.
Disposition—Jane MacMillan.

THE PENALTY

There's something here that bothers me
Define it now I will,
It's always moving to and fro
Yet always standing still.

It is the bell of Fassifern,
In tones so loud and clear,
No matter where you hide yourself
You hear it ever near.

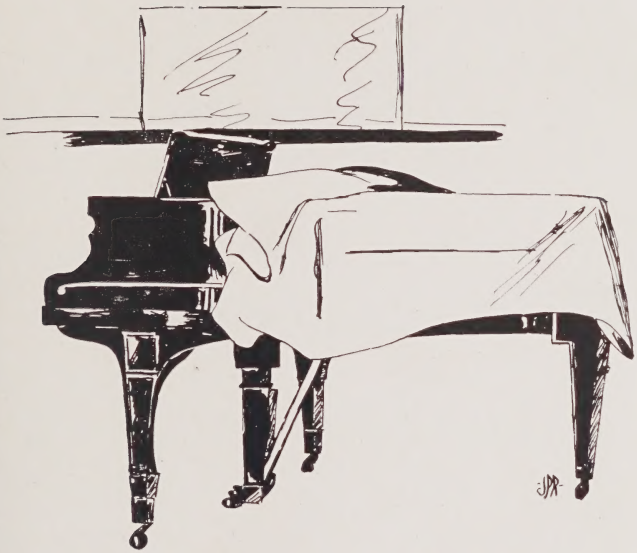
And to its every beck and call
You're Johnny on the spot
There's no excuse to give Miss Kate
Or tell her you forgot.

Or if to anything at all
You happen to be late,
Just learn the rest of old Macbeth
For well you know your fate.

'Tis then disorders one, two, three
Are planted by your name,
And as the days drag slowly on
They flourish just the same.

And when on Wednesday you must say
A score of lines or more,
You know you'll never do again
The things you did before.

—C. B., '19



THE SCHOOLROOM PIANO

I am sacred to the classics, and to chants and hymns, am I,
A right noble piece of furniture of lineage most high,
Far above the common instruments down in the practice room
That from morn till evening echo with a never ending boom;
They resound with scales and studies and with riotous ragtime,
While in moderation I vibrate with slow and stately chime.
In the morning during chapel I accompany the hymn
And I tremble at the voices that my rhythmic measures dim.
Every Wednesday afternoon also for evensong I'm played,
And again on Sunday evenings for the choir practice staid.
Sometimes on state occasions such as Washington's Birthday
And at concerts and recitals too the girls upon me play.
There are several famous artists who have performed on me
And I rang with Chopin, Grieg or a Hungarian Rhapsody.
But on Friday nights when there is nothing else at all on hand
And the girls dance in the schoolroom then in second place I stand.
Then Christopher drags in that noisy rattler out of "E"
And they play tumultous ragtime—while I suffer agony.

E. Mac R., '18

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